G

freezin' season issue #5 $2.95

SUSIE BRIGHT

on girljocks and why she left on our backs

features: bocage, kovick, andrea natalie, nancy boutilier, femme jock, roxxie, jackie weltman, and more

! FUCK THE WELL OF LONELINESS...

we're here to have fun

notes on becoming submissive

Recent inquiries have been made into certain, shall we say "practices" of Girljock's editrix. First, it was suggested that she was a top, a strict top, and only a top. Well, Roxxie self-confesses to being a research "bottom" at work.

"The signal," says Roxxie, "is which side you wear your pocket Webster's Dictionary on. Left side pocket: top. Right side pocket: bottom.

Secondly, Many have thought Girljock to be a "monothemous" magazine that only covers sporting jocks and jog-bra wearing lesbos. The editrix Roxxie and all her pets would like to stress that Girljock is a non-monothemous publication, and will go out with many different topics at once, and will use any flip side it can think of. But it is highly devoted to "E & W" or "E & A." For those of you not hip to the new post-AIDS sex roles of the '90s, let Roxxie spell it out for you.

They are "E" editor/top dominant, and "W" writer/submissive bottom; "E" editor/top dominant and "A" artist/submissive bottom. If you are an E you must display all your E tools proudly on the left side. If you are an A or W they go on the right side.

Common tools of display are: vest pocket dictionaries, rulers, pens, red pencils (for E's only) pens, tape rolls, spray adhesives, white-out, fixative, rubber cement, return address labels, telephones, lamps, desks, computer chairs, and surge protectors. A detailed explanation of all these different displays would be too lengthy for us to go into here, but let me elaborate: There are many specialties of E's, A's and W's. Some E's are only into travel. They leave an obvious plane ticket sticking out on the left side, and will work only with other A's and W's who are into travel.

Some E's are total computer heads, and they always hang a floppy disk out of one pocket, or have been known to tie the end of the wire attached to the mouse around a belt loop, letting the mouse dangle. If they carry a portable lap top, it is always on the left side. They only want to work with other computer heads.

If you see an E, A, or W with a solid black Webster's vest pocket dictionary sticking out, whoa. Take a deep breath. Know that they are into the real heavy stuff. This is where hardcore E & W and E & A happens. They have to play heavily as E's and A's and W's several times a week, perhaps even every evening. They practice heavy editing and have no mercy on any sentence structures or misspellings, no matter what the artist's or writer's intentions were.

It is true that Roxxie wears a heavy black vest pocket Webster's on the left side as well as a large red pencil behind her left ear. She is very strict when she is an E, but is very loving about it and tries to be sensitive and attentive.

Certain cases occur where top E's switch and play a submissive role, but this is only done in a predetermined and consensual manner. Roxxie wants to tell you about the joys of consensual role switching right now.

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Roxxie has two new editrixes, two new right arms. Christina Smith, ace wordologist and beautiful old friend is one. She has returned from the wilds of Chi-town to her home dyke-town, Bay Area town, traffic-jam town. She is the new dominant word editrix of Girljock, and brings joy, laughter and smiles into Roxxie's heart as well as order into her sentence structures.

The second other arm is Roxxie's other half, Marguerite Lutton. Dominant editrix of the shapes and designs on the page, aka art directrix, Marguerite's page designs bring tears of joy to Roxxie's eyes and all she can do is shake her head and say in a silky voice, "You didn't...you didn't...that's so beautiful! I can't believe it..."

These two have made Roxxie downright submissive, and they are such a joy to work with. Roxxie is now the Big Mommy humble submissive editrix, and she gratefully tries to do all her official tasks as Girljock editrix, gleefully attending to the lists of things her two dominant editrixes have instructed her to do.

the art dictator-rix wishes to personally thank miss rox herself for being such a sporty sport sports superstar and genius and freak editrix superior

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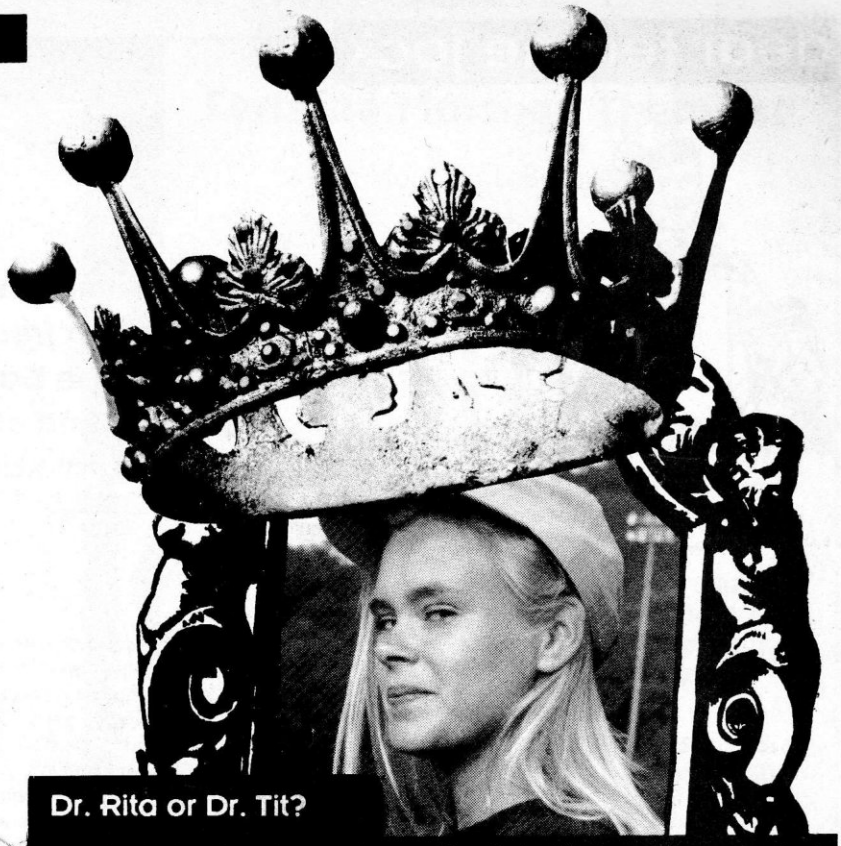
AFTER PAGE FIFTEEN? Flip your magazine on over! Turn it upside down and have a taste of Girljock's Upper Thigh Magazine!



Dr. Rita or Dr. Tit?

Here's Rita Tit, Last Issue's cover story, and long haired lesbian spokesperson, back for another visit in GIRLJOCK. Is there life after being a GIRLJOCK cover girl? I mean woman?

Yes, there is! Rita's life will now be full of books. This fall she enrolls in Medical School. We're counting on her to become a gynecologist. All her fans wish her the best of luck!

And when she gets out of school? Will she be Dr. Rita, or Dr. Tit? Write and tell us! Or send Rita Tit care packages and donations for her education fund to:

RITA TIT's EDUCATION FUND c/o GIRLJOCK Magazine, 2060 Third Street Berkeley, CA 94710

EDITRIX -- (BIG MOMMY HUMBLE SUBMISSIVE): ROXXIE THE SLEEPLESS

ART DIRECTRIX: MARGUERITE LUTTON

DOMINANT WORD EDITRIX: CHRISTINA SMITH

GIRLJOCK TM is PUBLISHED by ROX-A-TRONIC Publishing, 2060 Third St, Berkeley, CA 94710 COVER PHOTO by Marguerite Lutton. Susie Bright on top of 3 girljocks(left to right): Lyanne Millie Monique Oblivia Chopin Leanderthal Miller; Roxxie; and Rita Tit. MANY OTHER PHOTOS by Jody Wheat SPECIAL THANKS TO Angela Bocage, Jenny Van Heuit, Lyanne Millie Monique Oblivia Leanderthal Miller, Rita Tit, Heather "Thigh-o-phile" Pearl, Daniel Bao, Jody Wheat, Elizabeth Falkner, Jackie Weltman, Tanya, Kris Kovick, Joan Hilty, Lenore Chinn, Cheela Smith, Anne Butigan, the fabulous Oak-town Follies, all the "NOT-NICE GIRLS," and you especially, the dear readers, and you especially, the dear subscribers. Beautiful gentle readers, we thrive on your letters and love and subscriptions and encouragement. We wish we could watch you all read GIRLJOCK, to see if you smile, so ... we (your editrixes) have taken to silently sneaking into bookstores to watch you read GIRLJOCK. Roxxie, especially, walks up to people reading GIRLJOCK in bookstores and says, "Hey, that's a funny magazine," only, she'll never say who she is. If anyone ever points to your copy of GIRLJOCK and says, "Hey, that's a funny magazine," but won't give her name, it is Roxxie. And if anyone ever pinches your butt while you're reading GIRLJOCK, and says,"That's a funny magazine," it is Marguerite, bookstore butt-whore. We always need your support. Send us all your money! O.K., send some of it. Send us your letters, your boxer shorts, your black bras, donations, kneepads, your cartoons, writing, and computers. Your girlfriends, your subscriptions, your time(we have lots of office adventures for you!). We are funded through your kindness, your subscriptions, your advertising, and your donations. This issue is dedicated to Christina Smith, Marguerite Lutton, and you, the dear readers. SUBSCRIBE TO GIRLJOCK! ONE YEAR(FOUR ISSUES)FOR $12.00, INCLUDES A SPECIAL SET OF STICKERS! Back issues are available for $2.95 each. Special GIRLJOCK Tee Shirts, in black and orange, or black and missile red, are available for $12.00, plus $2.00 postage and handling. GIRLJOCK Tees feature THE ATTACK OF THE FIFTY FOOT BULL-DYKE. Send to: ROX-A-TRONIC Publishing, 2060 Third St, Berkeley, CA 94710 ADVERTISING rates in GIRLJOCK TM are available upon request.

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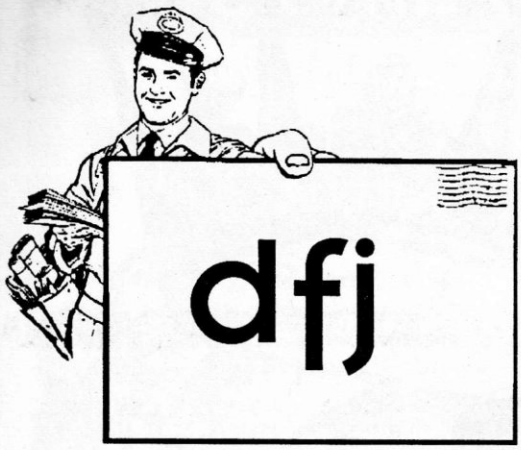
dear femme jock



"For some time now my girlfriend has been fretting over the fact that I head the ball a lot playing soccer and she's afraid I'm going to get brain damage"

Dear FJ,
Where on one's leather jacket should handcuffs be displayed? I figure wearing them could increase my chances of ...wearing them. But it only recently occurred to me so I'm not sure where to begin! Also, do "Mardi Gras"-type beads mean the wearer has just been through a sexual lent and is ready to celebrate?? Thanks so much for preserving your readers from dreaded faux-pas,
—A Scatterbrained Slut from Sodom, CA

Dear SSS,
If your'e not sure where to begin, darling, I suggest you wear your handcuffs on the right side, and let someone else more skilled than I tell you what to do. I'm glad you bring up the "Mardi-gras bead" question, and FJ is appreciative of your guess as to meaning. Personally, I was glad when they began appearing and thought they added some nice color to this dreary, drab and definitely black-is-groovy summer fashion season.

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Dear FJ,
For some time now my girlfriend has been fretting over the fact that I head the ball a lot playing soccer and she's afraid I'm going to get brain damage. I never paid much attention to her until I played in a tournament this summer, hit the ball with the wrong part of my head—you know on top where you had a soft spot as a baby—and got a headache the size of Jonathan Winters. It got me thinking: is she right? Have you heard of girljocks losing brain cells over a long period of soccer involvement? I know I could do worse as an amateur boxer, but is this worth worrying about?
—Girljock with soccer hangover

Dear GJ with SH,
FJ has done extensive research about your compelling and frightening question. Yes GJ, (and GJ's) there <u>is</u> evidence of soccer players suffering from too much soccer ball heading. The question next seems to be, what is "too much"? Just remember, the brain is the biggest sex organ. (I found this out from a pamphlet included in a safe sex kit. I had forgotten, if in fact, I had ever really known. This is an encouraging reminder to all of you who may suffer from dildo size anxiety).
Oh but I digress! What is too much? FJ suggests you use your own best judgement along with other selective body parts. How about improving your chest traps? Stomach traps? Or my favorite–thigh traps. FJ is getting excited just thinking about it.
I also suggest you pay more attention to your girlfriend. When was the last time you gave head to her clit?
Yes, keep your hands and soft spots off the balls and you'll be fine.

Dear FJ,
I am disraught. Perhaps you can help. At a recent party some lout spilled beer on my only favorite lizard skin pumps. These are a thrift store find that will never happen again. The skins are starting to separate and shred. It is tragic. But I can't locate a shoe repair store that knows how to fix them. What can I do?
-Piqued and pumpless.

Dear PP,
Femme Jock is distraught as well. Lizard skin pumps?! Oh, the poor darlings. I admit, it's difficult for FJ to determine where her alliance lies: with femmes, or with lizards. Truthfully, the answer probably is with lizards, or with femmes who don't wear them. On the other hand, I do know about those thrift store finds: luscious items in hot pink or glitter fur that turn out to be baby kangaroo, or what have you, that you've just got to have. And hey they've already been maimed, killed, separated into bits, made into shoes or whatever else, bought and worn and are now sitting on a shelf in front of you just waiting to be put on so you can wear them to pick up your girlfriend at the pizza parlor party after her rugby game and cause a scene. So maybe the way to look at it is, even it they didn't have a long life, they've at least had a long and hopefully enjoyable death–after–life that you can most certainly add to. And perhaps this will put the whole thing in perspective: your lizard skin pumps have had a long, varied, and sordid history, only one small part of which is an encounter with a beer–spilling–lout. I admit, Femme Jock is being a tad harsh. Are there any dyke (do you like butches, dear?) shoe repairers out there who can rescue this distraught femme and keep her pumping?

g2j

true confessions...

femme jock TRUE CONFESSIONS

I am not really a jock. I don't even like sports much. I just like the accessories. I like watching groups of girls flex their muscles and sweat. I like cheerleading. Pom-poms and mini-skirts. High-stepping it in boots. Displaying my legs and ass amid yells, growls and grunts.

Speaking of legs, I thought all of the girls on the East Coast shaved their legs. (Not so! According to the co-ordinator of the Yale's Women's Center Feminist Reading group and summer student, HALF of the girls in her reading group don't shave, and she doesn't either).

While we're on the subject of shaving (have we ever really gotten off it?), GJ with SH writes: "P.S.: About the shaving thing: All I know is I like underarm hair on my girlfriend but not on myself. She thinks my shaved pits look like a plucked chicken, but obsesses about the hair on her inner thighs, which I think is sexy. We both shave our legs. Go figure." I figure, hairfree does not equal carefree.

For the parade-day display issue of GJ I had shaved my legs; now they are hairy in all their glory. These are a few of the advantages of hairs on my legs as I feel them: The breeze teases them. Your tender tongue, fingertips and breath can do the same. Tugging on them provides alternate sensations. When I get out of the pool, beads of water glisten and highlight—a sort-of femme au naturel glitter. I have time for more important pursuits now that I am not all alone in my bathroom with my leg up on the sink with a razor.

Speaking of more important pursuits, I decided to give up team sports (true—I've never partaken in them much anyway—I've always been a soloist) and get into group sex. This is what I did several weekends ago with Ms. Betty Ann Dodson, BAD for short. What a fantasy! A room full of straight girls and Lezzbians (some of whom shaved their legs, some of whom did not) individually displaying and looking at each other's cunts one day and masturbating (mistress-bating?) the next. Sweating, flexing their muscles, breathing hard and cheering each other on—yes—there's alot to be said for aerobic activities.

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You Didn't Really Say That

Did You?

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for Chugga Chugga
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Dear_____,
Oh god I am so sorry about the other night, I mean-I usually don't drink, I mean imbibe, so much around girls I really like and just met, especially because
you,_____, are so different. I think it must be just getting over my last girlfriend,_____,
who I told you about. I'm over her now and I really want to see you again. Can we have dinner again, my treat? I just want to make amends for slashing your tires and dumping (I mean inverting) the ashtray on you the other night. But you've got to admit it was kind of crazy and sad,_____. Oh, the human drama.

Please forgive me,
Love & friendship

_____
(your name here)

Dear_____,
Oh what fun it was to actually meet you, after all the times we talked on the phone. I don't think I will forget that line that went up the back of your stockings, because it was so linear. And because it went all the way up the back of your stockings. Did you make it that way yourself? Or did a "roommate" help you. If you do not have a roommate who adjusts your stockings, perhaps you could allow me to mess them up for you. Please meet me in the bathroom and you can sit on my face. Please sit on my face. Please, please please please please. My face my face my face my face my face. Sit sit sit sit sit sit sit.
Yours,

_____(your name here)

Dear _____,
I'm writing to discuss an event that took place when we sat next to each other at the elegant Tea Party. When you reached for the cuff of my cut-off blue jean shorts and touched my skin, I must confess that great chills flew up and down my spine. I wanted to lift your dress up but was too afraid to ask. I monumentally desired to run my hands up your thigh. Your beautiful thigh. Your wrapped-in-a-stocking thigh. Alas, I then realized that my cowardly act of stalling had destroyed the perfect chance to beg for the opportunity to undress you. Anywhere, at any time of day, in any place imaginable. Only, at your discretion. I will call you Monday to arrange for an appointment.
Sincerely,

_____(your name here)

Dear Madonna
Dearlskjf;al.f
Oh what a joy it was to bump into your knee. You looked so pretty in that black dress. I liked the zipper in back. The one that goes all the way down. If you ever need any help unzipping it, just call me at _____(your number here).
If anyone else wants to un-zip it, I will defeat him/her in holy-bi-sexual-battle tonight at 9:05 pm. Because you are the most beautiful of all creatures. And I long to kiss your scarlet lips and slobber all over your pale skin and run through a field of daisies holding your panties on a stick. Silk panties, please. I love silk panties. I will give you the money for them.
your admirer,

_____(your name here)

g4j

The stupidest way I ever introduced myself to someone...

Someone said, "Lily, do you know Dragon?"

I said, " Hi, I'm absolutely tripping on estrogen right now because I'm having a menstrual moment."

Dragon said, "Thanks for sharing."

Now I've learned that when you're on your period you keep your mouth shut. I need an oral tampon.

--Lily Braindrop
San Francisco, Ca

"Oh yes, I'm really good at tennis..."

I was in between girlfriends, and working at my bookstore when this really gorgeous lesbian walked in. I told my co-worker that if "anyone needed any help, send her on down(to the office below)".

Soon there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said. And the gorgeous lesbian walked in.

She said,"Hi, I'm new in town, and could you please tell me about any of the Gay bars ....?"

So, I talked to her. And when I recovered from my faint, I found out that she was good at tennis, and then I said, "Oh yes, I'm really good at tennis."(TOTAL LIE)(I have never been so shameless in my life.)

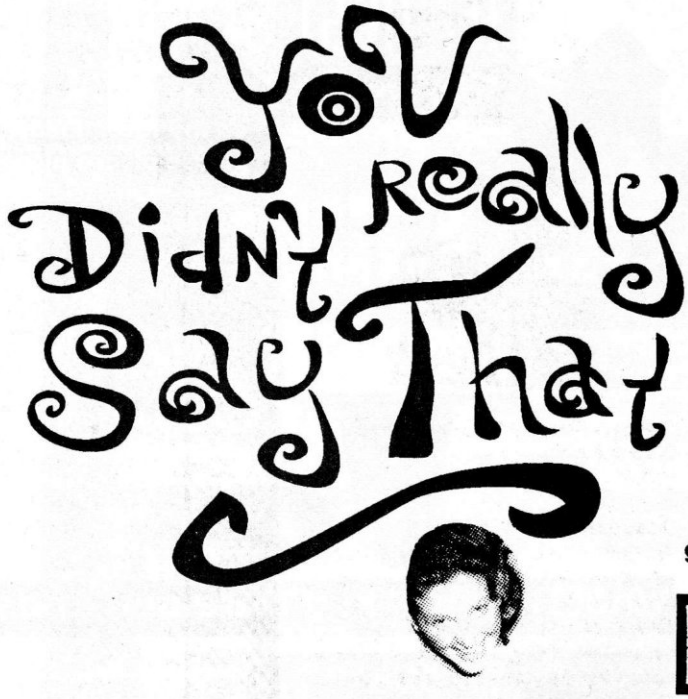
So we made a tennis date. At this point in my life I wasn't really into sports, I was really just a "jock hag." So when we met at the tennis place ..... She (the gorgeous lesbian) wasn't a competitive tennis player, but had played national level volleyball and was a competitive swimmer. She kindly overlooked my tennis playing because of my cuteness. I was soon able to show that I was better in bed than on the tennis court.

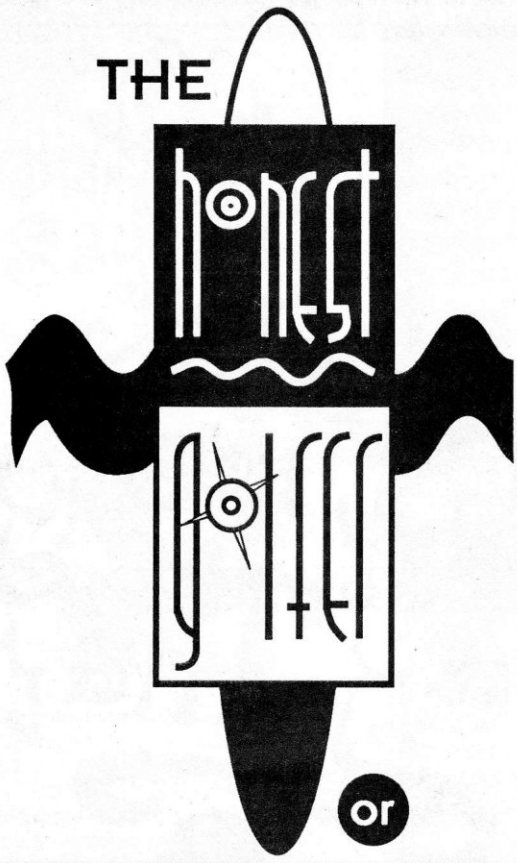
--Kris Kleindienst
St. Louis, Mo.

"Can I buy you a drink or would you rather just have the money?"
DID IT WORK?

It worked. She laughed as she took the drink. We had a long evening together. During the evening, she happened to mention that after good sex, she always wanted milk in the morning. The next morning she awoke with a craving for milk.

--Debi Law
St. Louis, Mo.





What Begins with a Drive and Ends with a Putt

by kris kovick

Once upon a lovely summer afternoon, a woman was teeing up her shot on the first hole of a magnificent green golf course. Before her, 18 holes of wide fairway, carpets of lawn, and contemplative quiet. She faced the pin boldly and took a long, slow backswing, all the while keeping her eye on the ball between her feet. Back and back the clubhead traveled around her, until she could almost see it in her periphery. She unloaded a twisted swing so savage she sent her golf ball soaring 200 yards off to the right. "Damn slice," she cursed.

She did not see her ball as she approached her lie in the rough, but after some searching she found it under a rotting branch, and wacked it into the open. "Two," she whispered to herself. Just then she sensed she was not alone. Maybe it was just a chill, for no one appeared in the underbrush. She shivered away the fear, and then she distinctly heard it again, a faint rustling of leaves.

"Hey, ppsst, lady!" Still she saw no one. It was slightly creepy even though she was armed with a five-iron. "Hey! Down here!" Near the branch where her ball had landed was a sublime vapor that was becoming less ethereal. It was coalescing into a tiny figure, like a genie, although without a lamp. "Hey! Lady!" the mist roared.

"What can I do for you?" she asked. "Are you lost or do you need help?" And more to the point, "Can I play through you?"

"I am the spirit of the golf course," the apparition began, "but I only appear to the honest golfer." They both laughed at the oxymoron. As the golf elf transsubstantiated, he had on a miniature red and black plaid polyester putees and a houndstooth check sweater. He had a matching hat with a knitted puff ball on the top. He looked like a cross between a color blindness test and a Hostess snowball. His clubs were no bigger than matchsticks and his balls were BBs. His spikes looked like two shiny black beetles, both terrifying and ridiculous. "Anybody else woulda kicked that ball out from under that bush and never counted it."

"Oh, that," she said, toying with the open face of her wedge.

"I am prepared to grant you one wish." The sprite puffed his chest out but it evaporated into his ghostly visage.

"Any wish?" the golfer brightened.

"No, you get your choice between two wishes. You get either perfect sex or perfect golf. You can have anyone, anytime or the best golf game on earth."

The woman took a step closer to the genie. "You mean just one perfect game, or each time I play I shoot championship golf?"

"Each time, OR you can fuck anyone you want."

"I'll take the golf," she snapped.

"What!?...okay." The phantom grunted and disappeared into the ether.

Just as promised, her game steadily improved. Soon she was playing par, and shortly after, a couple of strokes below par. Her score after 18 holes was in the mid 50's. She frequently shot holes-in-one and birdies. She never bogied, shanked, sliced or cut a divot. She was about to go on the Ladies Pro Golf Circuit, and was practicing for the Diana Shore Desert Classic, when she was teeing off again on that same hole where she first encountered the golf sprite. Her stance was masterful. Her ball was Maxfly. Her pad was Maxi. She had a future rich in product endorsements, hers for the taking. As she gripped the leather club handle, her sinewy forearms flexed and pulled the chrome shaft back like a rope. She unloosed her backswing with a whip and smashed through the ball with a wicked

whack. Her ball lifted high and sailed among the thermal drafts and plunked down in some trees off to the right.

"Damn slice!" she hissed. She found her ball under the same log in the same rough, and knocked it for a better lie. "Two," she figured. And just as before, the spirit of the golf course began to materialize.

"Hey, listen, I'm sorry. Usually I grant the wish and then split forever. But I had to come back," the golf leprechaun said.

"Am I getting my old handicap back?" the golfer wanted to know. "Will I beat Nancy Lopez in Palm Springs?" There was desperation in her voice.

"No, your wish is granted--except that last shot--I'm sorry. But I had to come back because no one's ever wished for a perfect golf game. Everybody wishes for sex." He looked her up and down, more and more closely. "What are you, a lesbian?" As he solidified, he looked like Bob Hope, only less than a foot high. "Is your sex life that great!?"

"Well...it is adequate," the lady golfer said.

"What's 'adequate'?" the miniature Bob Hope demanded.

"Two or three times a month," she trailed off.

The gnome started to laugh so hard his vapors condensed into big tears around his crinkled little eyes. "Two or three times a month...you ARE a lesbian!" His guffaw was a deep rumbling roto-rooter of a sound, a humiliating hardee-har-har that made the little animals of the forest sniff her disdainfully.

She though he was an awful troll with a scratch handicap and perhaps a step-laddar for schtupping. He kept squealing, "Two or three times a month!"

The lady golfer stiffened and adjusted her blazer, knocked a piece of sod off her cleats, and regained her composure. She was, after all, the world's greatest golfer. "Two or three times a month is pretty good for a parish nun without a car," she said as she reached for her five iron.

Kris Kovick is an adult child of golf enthusiasts, living in San Francisco with a Labrador who retrieves her putts.

Susan A. Weiss

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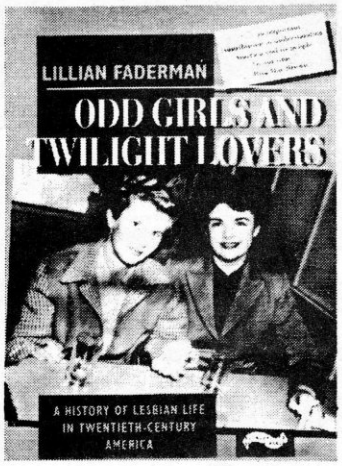

And we cover the waterfront . . . of an ocean of women thinking, feeling, doing, being . . .

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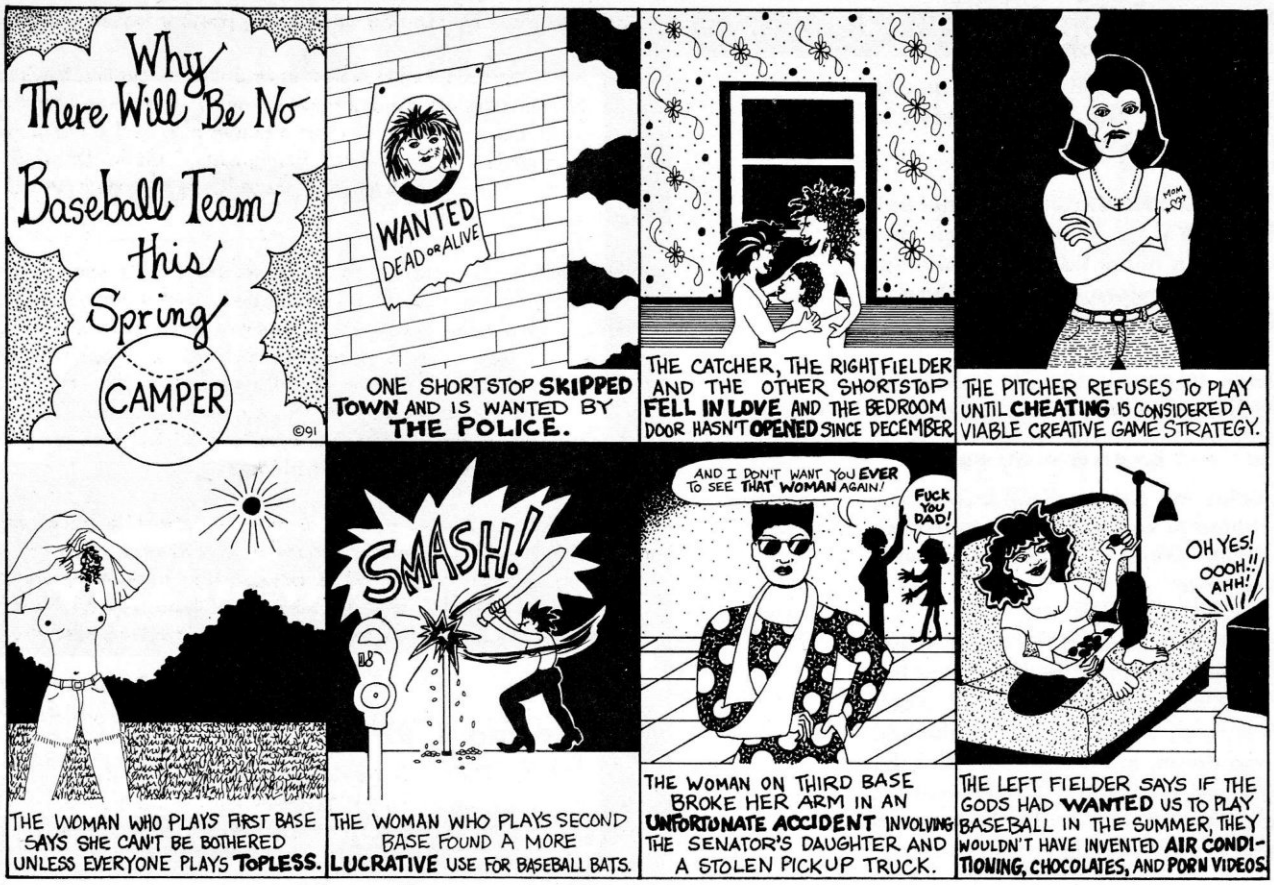
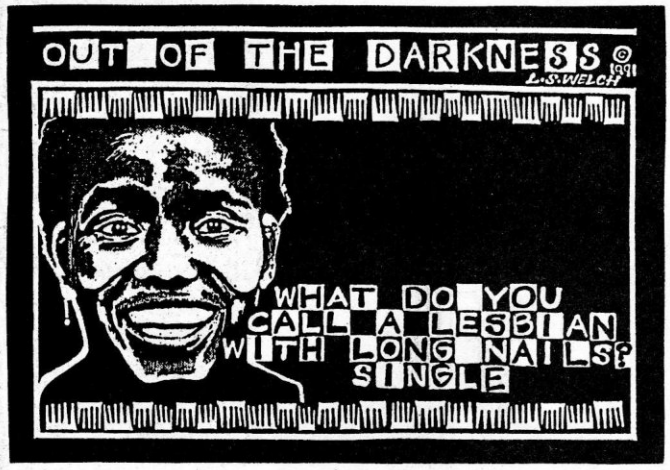
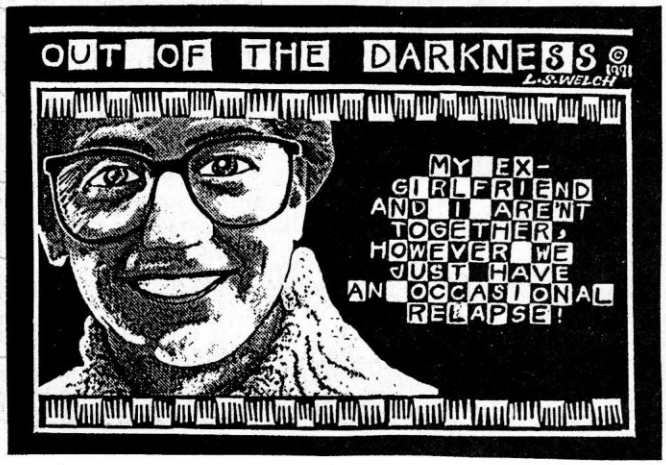

Why There Will Be No Baseball Team this Spring
CAMPER
©91
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE
ONE SHORTSTOP SKIPPED TOWN AND IS WANTED BY THE POLICE.
THE CATCHER, THE RIGHTFIELDER AND THE OTHER SHORTSTOP FELL IN LOVE AND THE BEDROOM DOOR HASN'T OPENED SINCE DECEMBER.
MOM LOVE
THE PITCHER REFUSES TO PLAY UNTIL CHEATING IS CONSIDERED A VIABLE CREATIVE GAME STRATEGY.
THE WOMAN WHO PLAYS FIRST BASE SAYS SHE CAN'T BE BOTHERED UNLESS EVERYONE PLAYS TOPLESS.
SMASH!
THE WOMAN WHO PLAYS SECOND BASE FOUND A MORE LUCRATIVE USE FOR BASEBALL BATS.
AND I DON'T WANT YOU EVER TO SEE THAT WOMAN AGAIN!
Fuck You DAD!
THE WOMAN ON THIRD BASE BROKE HER ARM IN AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT INVOLVING THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER AND A STOLEN PICKUP TRUCK.
OH YES! OOOH!! AHH!
THE LEFT FIELDER SAYS IF THE GODS HAD WANTED US TO PLAY BASEBALL IN THE SUMMER, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE INVENTED AIR CONDITIONING, CHOCOLATES, AND PORN VIDEOS.


OUT OF THE DARKNESS © 1991 L.S.WELCH
WHAT DO YOU CALL A LESBIAN WITH LONG NAILS? SINGLE

OUT OF THE DARKNESS © 1991 L.S.WELCH
CAROL LYNN HAS SO MANY EX'S, THEY HAD THEIR OWN SECTION IN THE GAY PRIDE PARADE! NOW THEY'VE FORMED THEIR OWN SUPPORT!


OUT OF THE DARKNESS © 1991 L.S.WELCH
MY EX-GIRLFRIEND AND I ARE'NT TOGETHER, HOWEVER WE JUST HAVE AN OCCASIONAL RELAPSE!

OUT OF THE DARKNESS © 1991 L.S.WELCH
I'M AFRAID TO COME OUT TO MY PARENTS FEAR OF BEING RETROACTIVELY ABORTED!

quick moves

my passion for lesbian softball

by Ellen Orleans

How I savor the softball field! The timing, the split second decisions, the quick moves. I'm not talking about the moves on the field, you know. I'm talking about the action in the stands. My position is in the bleachers, surrounded by cheering, cruising, flirting dykes. This is what brings me out to the ball game.

Tonight – a lesbian double header. The Hag Pack, easy-going ballplayers known to wear skirts, is playing Crazy About Softball, a new team sponsored by a lesbian psychotherapist.

Tonight's also a big night because I'm on a date. I'm trying to win Jessie (my date) over to the art of softball fandom. She's puzzled by the ongoing chatter all around us.

"Does your underwear match your socks?" howls a woman three rows up. Another woman yells out, "Can you prove it?" while Mickey, a local activist asks, "Is it a fashion statement or a political statement if it matches?"

Jessie (my date) comments, "No one is even watching the game. You could all just meet in a living room."

Just then Diane catches a line drive and everyone goes wild. Vicki tells Jessie, "You can't scream like that in someone's living room. Besides, out here no one has to play hostess."

"It's a perfect form of entertainment," I tell Jessie. "You can socialize and gossip, or hang out and watch the game. It's free, and unlike a party in a living room, you can bring as many friends as you like."

She shrugs her shoulders. I push on, "You never know who'll show up, so it's always exciting to see who's here. It's...it's the mythical corner store. Drop in, stay a while, head home."

Having delivered my sermon, I see that my karma is about to come around. Just as Jessie concedes there might be something to this softball fan lore, who materializes, but Zannia, my ex, who's supposed to be living in Santa Fe.

"Just popped up for the weekend," she says, smiling forcedly at me, but scowling openly at Ginny two rows down. Ginny – the woman I went to bed with just before Zannia and I broke up for good – nods curtly. She's mad at me for dating Jessie, who she's had a crush on for years. Of course, Jessie is wondering just who is this Zannia woman with the howling coyote bolo tie? But then she spots her ex-roommate Emily, who everyone thought had dropped off the face of the earth. Now, Emily dropping off the face of the earth was fine. Emily was an overzealous, neo-Baptist lesbian politico to whom coming out meant nothing if you weren't born again.

"This doesn't usually happen," I desperately assure Jessie, though I'm pretty sure I've lost her for good on the matter of softball. As Zannia saunters back to her truck – is that Emily with her? – I resume my casual scrutiny of shorts, tank tops, and bodies in general. I run my fingers through Karin's new buzz cut and nod appreciatively at Kat's fresh-from-Michigan cougar tattoo. I yell out, "Hey Denice, nice shorts!" and "Great socks, Ardelle. Didn't know it was humanly possible to create such a color." .

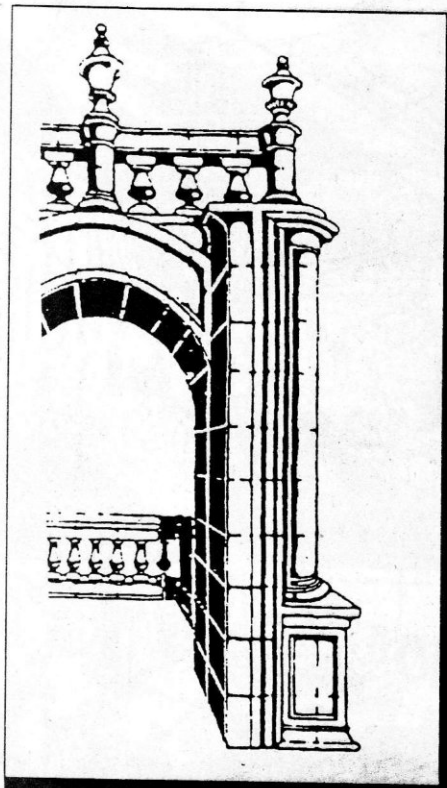
Later, while I'm caught up in blatant eavesdropping (get this, they're going to couples counseling with a straight male therapist!...and this time Marian's going to have the baby...) our team makes a double play, which I (and most of the women around me) miss. "Oh no," Lynn groans, "was that Dara? God, it that was Dara who made that catch, and I missed it, I'll never hear the end of it. Did anyone see the play?"

Fortunately, to alleviate such problems we created the role of "designated watchers": women who, on a rotating basis, watch the game closely. For instance, tonight when Bonita was busy making camping plans with Shelley and missed her lover's stupendous play in left field, instead of panicking, she merely turned to the designated watcher who filled her in. Now, after the game, Bonita will run up to her lover and exclaim, "Honey, what a great catch during the third inning! You made such a decisive dive for the ball!" The practice of designated watcher has saved countless relationships.

After a while I fall into a less social, more contemplative mood and actually watch the game. The woman next to me, a new arrival and obviously not a true believer, remarks that softball is basically too competitive and therefore patriarchal. I tell her to watch the ball as it arcs through the air. From pitcher to batter to fielder to basewoman, its curves are a joyful reminder of a woman's body.

"Oh yeah?" she counters. "What about the bat? Looks pretty phallic to me."

But I'm ready for her. "Sure the woman needs the bat to start out with, but once she hits the ball, what's the first thing she does? Drops the bat, right then and there. You don't use the bat to run from base to base, and..." I give her a devious smile, "you certainly don't need it to score!"



Now the cafe...

The name has changed but the staff remains

CAFÉ Sn MARCOS

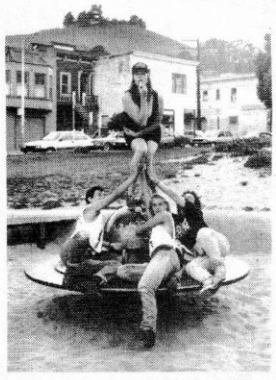
2367 Market Street at Castro

THIRTY
THE AGE I TRIED TO AVOID
THE AGE POLICE THOUGHT THEY FINALLY CAUGHT ME!! HAH!
NO WAY
NOT ME
GEEZER!
AGE POLICE
30
Thirty
WE'VE GOT YOU NOW!
RUN! QUICK FLEE
NO WAY!! I'm an ATHLETE
POW
AGE POLICE
AGE POLICE
WHOOSH
LATER, POLICE!
That was CLOSE! what'll THEY DO NEXT?
I SOUGHT DISTRACTION AT A DANCE CLUB
I'D BETTER LEARN NEW DANCE MOVES
HOP
ROCK
SO I CAN STILL "PASS"
THUMPA THUMP!

THUMPA
BEE BOP BEE BOP
I DANCED AND DANCED. I FORGOT THE POLICE.
BUT, AT AGE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THEY SCHEMED ALL NIGHT, UNTIL THEY MADE A PLAN:
SECRET AGEOLOGICAL WARFARE
MICROSCOPIC AGE POLICE WILL ATTACK SENSITIVE AREAS OF THOSE WHO SEEK TO RESIST OUR EFFORTS TO EDUCATE THEM AS TO THE TRUE NATURE OF THEIR AGES. WE WILL THEN CAUSE THEM PAINS AND ACHES THEY NEVER EVER EXPECTED. NEVER EVER EVER.
THE NEXT DAY, WHILE PLAYING SOCCER, I FELT AN ODD SENSATION..
ZING ZING ZING ZING ZING
OW! MY KNEE!!
OW! OW! MY KNEE!! MY KNEE! MY KNEE
CRUTCHES
THEN I GOT AN UGLY, ICKY ECZEMA ON MY SKIN...
ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCH ITCHY ITCHY
MY TEETH FELL OUT of TUNE, AND I HAD TO START WEARING A RETAINER.
SUDDENLY, I NEEDED NEW GLASSES
BLUR!!
EYE doctor
AT LEAST THEY LOOKED BUTCH!
THICK!! HEAVY!! SEXY!!
IT WAS ENOUGH. I GAVE IN AND HOBBLED TO THE STATION.
AGE!! Uber ALLES
HEADQUARTERS of the AGE POLICE!!
©1991 ROX-A-TRONIC, ROXXIE
ENOUGH!! ENOUGH ALREADY!! I GIVE IN!! SO MY BODY IS Th.... THIR.... THIR.... TH... THIR.... THIRT.... THIRTY. 30. BUT ONLY MY BODY. JUST THE BODY, O.K?

susie bright

beyond *on our backs*



Roxxie What are your plans now that you're in your post-*On Our Backs* era?

Susie I don't know what it will be called yet. I'm doing another book of my essays on sex and popular culture and politics.

RX The return of Susie Sexpert?

SB Perhaps. Perhaps that will be the name.

RX Susie Sexpert's Lesbian Sex universe.

SB Galaxy!

RX Solar system!

SB Something like that. Then there's another volume of erotica coming out that I've edited, which is an anthology of women's erotic fiction. That's been really fun to put together because when I did a book of women's erotica no one knew what I was talking about, and trying to get submissions was like finding a needle in a haystack. This time we got lots of submissions.

The one thing I said is no coming out stories. None. I want grown up women having grown up sex. There's a maturity in lesbian sex after you're out and after you've been around the block a few times which makes it much...well, it's subjective when I say it's much hotter. I have a million fantasies about virgins myself. But I'm more interested in that experience now, in post-baby dyke, grown-up girls, their sexual thoughts and experiences.

I'm also teaching a class called Porn 101 right now at Good Vibrations, so I'm sure I'll continue teaching and writing about these subjects. I've got some new freelance assignments that I can't wait to see the reaction to. I've got a piece on masculinity in the '90s in Esquire this fall, and a piece on the future of sex in Elle, of all places. So it will be interesting to see what those audiences have to say.

RX Do you want to say anything about *On Our Backs*? A lot of people that I know can't even conceive of *On Our Backs* existing without you; they see you as the person with the concept. I know you did it with other people, but somehow you became "lesbian sexuality" to so many women, like my friend Jackie, who says no lesbians in Boulder were having sex before you came and gave a speech there and then everybody started having sex.

SB (Laughter) "Yes I did bring fist fucking to Boulder and I'm proud, proud, proud." In a sense I can't conceive of it either. I am really disappointed that I don't have a closer relationship with *On Our Backs* than I do because I feel very close to the readers. I really know who reads *On Our Backs*, because I've been all over the country and I've met them, and so many became good friends. I had a great way to talk to a lot of people and get a lot of tremendous feedback. I met tremendous artists and it was so pleasurable to be able to give them that national kind of forum. I'm not contributing or writing for *On Our Backs* because in the wake of my decision that I wanted to write full-time, I wanted to write for books and I wanted to have a different kind of schedule life with my daughter than I had before, my partners on the magazine were really unhappy with my decision. What started out as really constructive visionary reasons for moving on also turned into a falling out. So I've got both the pleasure of being closer with my daughter and I'm happier with that, I'm writing a lot more than I have the past few years at *On Our Backs* because I was doing more busine and less writing and editing.

And on the other hand, I miss all my frien and that's...I can't believe it either. I thi I'm still in a state of shock and some wee end when I'm not on another deadline I' going to have the world's biggest c about it because I can't believe it.

It's not like I don't feel appreciated, i more...I was really very close with my pa ners and it's like getting a divorce, and yo can't believe the things they say about yo and I guess she can't believe the things say about her. And then the readers a like your kids. Like, "I want custody 10,000 readers now". What do you do

RX "I want the west, and you can have th east."

SB No, I want all those places. I want to b able to continue my dialogue with the kin of people who loved *On Our Backs*.

RX Would you ever consider doing a other magazine?

SB I never want to edit another magazin although I suppose these are famous la words. There's something about puttin out a magazine in the same format mon after month or week after week that dea ens the inspiration you began with. Mag zine publishing depends on becoming pr dictable and being able to deliver som thing that looks just like the thing that yo delivered last time. There's a sort of i grained end to innovation within the mai stream publishing business, that is, if yo want to survive and reach a lot of peopl If you're writing books, or doing plays, yo really do get to say that's the end of th project and now I'm going to do somethin entirely different over here. You get to ha some closure. So I love contributing t other peoples' magazines and I still have million dream ideas for magazines I'd li to see. **Girljock** was one of them.▼

SUSIE BRIGHT

on girljocks

When Roxxie met Susie Bright, Roxxie was intrigued–so intrigued, she propositioned Susie for an interview. Susie accepted, agreeing to become GirlJock's first ever "Sissy Cover Girl". Weeks later, they met in Susie's living room. The television wasn't on, but the tape recorder was...

Roxxie Have you ever played sports?

Susie Only when forced to.

Somebody came up with the brilliant idea in Los Angeles Public Schools that girls should be forced to play flag football. I broke my finger the first time out. Then we were forced to play basketball and I ran into the basketball pole and got a bloody nose. Then we were forced to play baseball and I swung at the pitched ball and the ball ran into my thumb and my nail came off. Then we were forced to do gymnastics, and I dived into the mat and broke my nose again.

RX Then did you start cutting gym class after that?

SB LA public schools started something called independent physical education study, which meant you could do anything off campus you wanted to so long as you could document it. I got to go off and do dance, so I was happy as a clam.

RX Do you have a favorite form?

SB My favorite form is uninhibited. Anything: it could be ballet, it could be flamenco, it could be modern dance, it could be the watusi, and I would dig it.

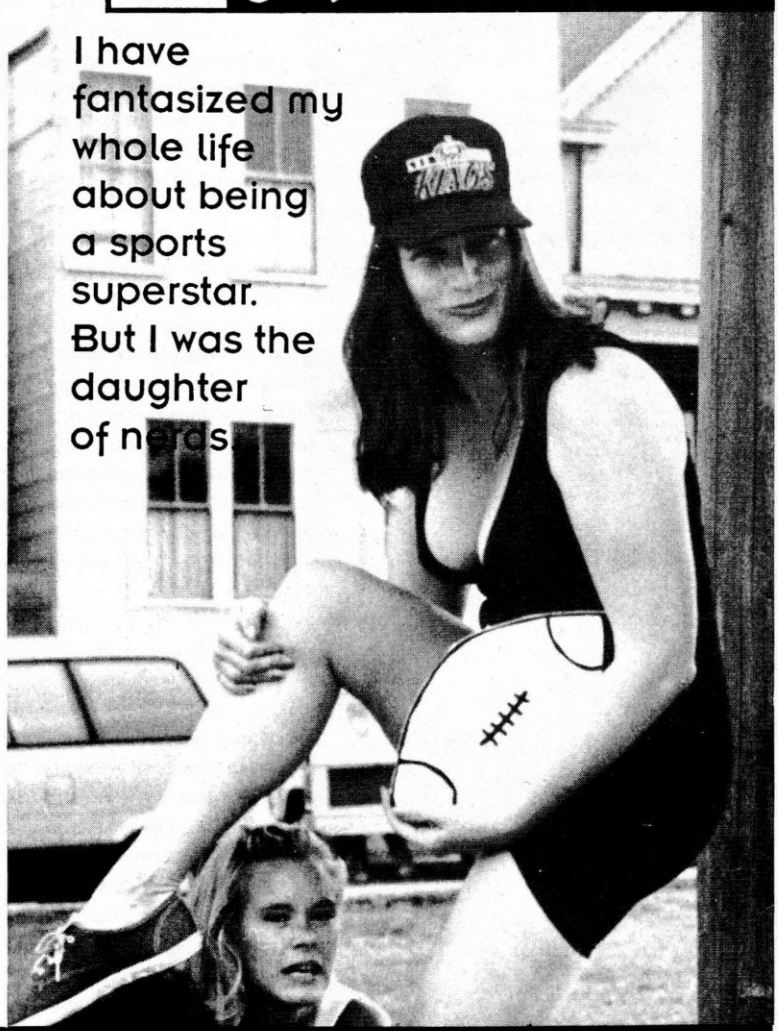
RX Country and Western?

SB Absolutely. Irish jigs. The thing is, I always had fantasies about being able to hit a ball really really far, being able to run so fast that everybody's mouth hung open, being able to throw this pass that would go like a rainbow across the field.

I have fantasized my whole life about being a sports superstar. But I was the daughter of nerds, a teacher and a librarian. I learned to read, read, read. It's too bad, because as you can see I'm tall and I have muscles from doing nothing but carrying groceries and my daughter in and out of the car.

RX The exercises of daily living.

SB I think the last time I actually tried any kind of sport was when bodybuilding was becoming popular. They started having women's classes at UC Santa Cruz. So I went in and there was one of those little fascist leotard numbers talking about 'losing



an interview with roxxie

those inches from around your waist' and 'getting those pounds off' and I just wanted to throw up. Any whiff of women talking about their bodies not being good enough and slenderizing just sets me into a political fury. So I happened to walk over to the coed class, which I ordinarily I wouldn't have walked into because I would have been intimidated by the boys. The man who was teaching the coed class was the most laid back, most humanistic person...I was amazed how strong I got in six weeks. I realized there was an athlete in me someplace. It's kind of a shame it's going to waste.

RX But then again there's the exercises of daily living.

SB The exercises of daily living

RX ...laundry baskets...

SB Fucking...

RX Fucking, right, right. Which takes a lot of physical...

SB Absolutely

RX Energy.

SB Gets that pulse rate up.

RX You use many different muscle groups.

SB Especially the ever important pubococous muscle, which is the muscle which goes into spasm when you have an orgasm. But you can learn to control it all on your own.

I always wanted to top Chris Evert real bad. I just wanted to grab her little pony tails...

RX Do you have any advice about learning to control it all on your own?

SB I think you should flex your PC muscle at least 50 times every day. And you can do it in the car. You can do 10 slow ones and 10 fast ones at every red light you come to. And then if you want to make it more pleasurable, you put things inside yourself and then practice. And then when you come, try and see how many times it's contracting. It feels good, it's a little bit of a turn on, and it keeps your pussy healthy.

RX Have you ever had crushes on women athletes?

SB Oh yeah. You'll laugh if I tell you what some of my fantasies are. I always wanted to top Chris Evert real bad. I just want to grab her little pony–tails so bad, take her little tennis bracelets and string her up. She fascinates me because it seems like all her best friends are dykes. I certainly believe that she digs men, I mean I don't think she's some latent case, but she's a feminine, aggressive, tennis superstar straight girl, and I just want to pull her tennis panties off.

Who else? There are a lot of women in sports, but, like, famous women, not that many come to my attention. I admire Martina tremendously, but she doesn't do it for me. And then there were those women in the Olympics with the extraordinarily long fingernails. Those people are extraordinary, but again...I suppose the woman athlete who just blows my mind to this day is Patrice Donnelly, who played a woman athlete in *Personal Best*. She was the dark-haired butch. She just gives me goosebumps.

RX What about other sports? Golf?

SB Golf is pretty hot stuff, and the LPGA has gone to incredible lengths to destigmatize their dyke image. They said dyke-baiting was killing their sport and killing the tour and killing the prize money. They couldn't get any sponsorship because everyone thought they were a bunch of raving bulldaggers. So the marketing firm said, get all your cutest golfers, put them in bathing suits and make promotional posters.

It's one of my great regrets that I've not been to this bizarre Dinah Shore invitational. I mean, is she a dyke or not? Why does she throw an enormous dyke tournament? What does go on in Palm Springs? I think **GirlJock** should go to Dinah Shore Golf Tournament and have a presence.

RX Do many of your friends play sports?

SB Yes, of course, I fall in love with athletes constantly. So yes, certain friends of mine are superb athletes and they're in charge of my daughter's sports training. I don't want her to be ignored athletically the way I was. I want her to have a decent chance in life. She's already throwing a ball and she's only 14 months old!

RX That's one thing they don't write in most girls' baby books.

SB Right, when did she throw her first ball.

RX What sports do you want her to be able to play when she grows up?

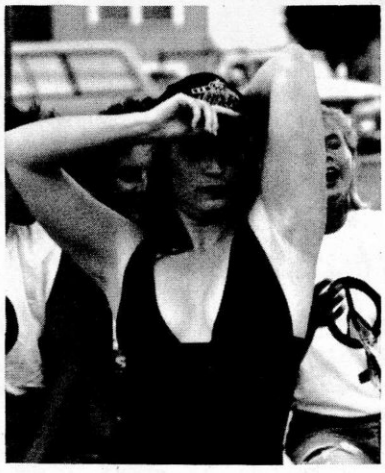
SB The sports I'm impressed with the most? Something with strength, and grace, and speed. Bastketball sometimes just approaches the otherworldly to me, because it moves so fast, it's like you're moving on instinct, there's no pause in the action. She just goes and goes. At least I was good at freethrow, because I was tall...I hope you'll mention I'm 5'10".

RX Gladly. So dancing and sex are your favorite forms of exercise. What are the strongest selling points of these compared to other forms of exercise?

SB No rules; no one blowing stupid whistles; you can stop whenever you want; immediate gratification; everyone's a winner!

RX Where are your favorite places to go dancing?

SB My living room.



RX Is that also your favorite place for making love?

SB No, I have a great squeaky bed. I like squeaky beds and water beds, beds in very expensive hotels...you have to have the right equipment, or you might as well not bother to play.

RX Do you have locker room fantasies?

SB I've always had locker room fantasies based on movies, not anything that's ever happened to me. Sure, I've always had fantasies of being thrown down in the shower room and fingered and fucked by five while the hot water comes pouring down and steam is going everywhere. You know, water and tile and grease and sweat...

RX Razors...

SB Well, I don't know about the razors. Oh, I see what you mean, the pubic shaving thing. I haven't fantasized about that.

My locker room fantasies in some ways have to do with taking the painful memories of those cheerleaders and popular girls and eroticizing it. The competition and meanness is still there, but it becomes sexual. Turning the tables on them. I'm getting it and they're not.

RX They could be tied up somewhere in their little cheerleading outfits, watching you...

SB Yeah, banging on the locker door, howling.

RX Do you have tips for how someone can pick up an athlete?

SB Oh sure. In many cases, the studliest, strongest, fastest, cutest, most bone-crunching athletes are totally attracted to their opposites. They no more want to got to bed with another hard body than with a two-by-four. They're looking for someone who's soft, and squishy, and curvy. The secret is that opposites attract. The perfect example, if you don't mind me using heterosexual marriage, is Arnold and Maria. I mean, Maria Shriver is no athlete. And here Arnold Schwarzenegger is in charge of the president's physical fitness, but he didn't want to be with another athlete. He wanted to be with this woman who is this zaftig, really feminine woman who probably couldn't throw a ball to save her life. So picking up athletes is really just having the confidence that they don't necessarily want to go out with someone who looks like them or has the same interest ▼

her *favorites*

Favorite flower "Roses, any color"

Favorite gemstone "Diamonds"

Favorite kind of tennis shoes "Patent leather high heels (patent leather is more glamorous, attracts more attention)."

Favorite Lesbian 'zine "Girljock, of course"

Favorite candy bar "Baby Ruth"

Favorite quote (of the day) "If they can't take a joke, fuck them."

Favorite restaurants "'Zuni,' and 'Just For You.'" (Arienne Landry is Susie's favorite cook).

Favorite kind of dress "Skin tight"

does she have a TATTOO:? "Yes, A pen and a sword crossed with roses growing out of each – of course the PEN is dominant."

Heroes: "The early radical therapy movment...Emma Goldman. Edith Hamilton and her Greek mythology, the Black Panthers, Laurence Lipton, Allen Ginsburg, Diane DiPrima and the whole early beat thing. The Yippies. Hunter Thompson, Trotsky, Malcolm X definitely, Tuppy Owens, who does the Sex Maniac's diary, Terry Southern, Dr. Spock absolutely, Marco Vassy, the Amercian Indian Movement. All those early gay books I read by Carla J. Allen, they saved my life. Rita Mae Brown, Shulamith Firestone, Cherrie Moraga, Linda Marie, Judy Grahn, a lot of the people who did "Our Bodies, Ourselves," Honey Lee Cotrell, of course. Oh, here's Pamela Des Barres' "I'm with the Band," yes, definitely, definitely a big heroine of mine. Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Patti Smith, everything about Hollywood, Spike Lee, underground comix, tatoo artists. Some of these people I'm telling you about are cool now, but I was into them when they weren't cool. Lenny Bruce, Harvey Fierstein, San Francisco Mime Troupe, Emily Dickinson's SM poetry, Pat Parker and Barbara Ruth, Ann Sexton, Dylan Thomas, James Joyce, Olga Broumas. Alexandra Kollontai; I feel so bad now that everybody's knocking Russia and everyone's going to forget she had a vision for sexual liberation that was part of the early Bolshevik revolution and that got wiped out. Andrea Dworkin - I've got all her books. Pauline Kael. I get inspired by people constantly, I get inspired by kids down on the playground and I don't even know their names." ▼

Readers Send Susie roses, diamonds and fan letters c/o **Susie Bright's Mailbox, 3311 Mission St. #143 San Francisco, CA 94110**

Jan 23/92

UPPER THIGH GIRLJOCK'S UPPER THIGH GIRLJOCK'S UPPER THIGH GIRLJOCK'S UPPER THIGH
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THIGHS I HAVE KNOWN

Thick and muscular beneath flapping kilts they have flexed themselves up and down field hockey fields

hugged by tight fitting jeans they have worn rough denim to soft white where hands have stroked themselves clean of grease and grit

Long and lean they have winked at me through narrow slits of black leather skirts

In their absence a wheelchair's smooth ride attends to their practical purposes as biceps steal the limelight

Soft blonde fur that bleaches gold in summer sun they have slid between cool sheets to lock me in embrace

Straddling bicycle seats poised to steal second base shaven smooth as glass-- These are the thighs I have known

Their shape their function their motion their strength

Thighs have it over calves by a leg length

Those powerful levers that have carried lovers to me and away

Nancy Boutilier

THIGH -SIDE UP

Gallery of Thigh Verse 1
Nancy Boutilier & Heather Pearl Cromie glorify thighs

True Transgressive Romances #25 2
Jackie Weltman, transgressive satirist and transplanted New Yorker, tells the real story about Wanda, Martin, the ironing board and algebra

Lion Nation: The Interview 4
GJ Reporter Jackie Weltman finally catches up with KING, spokescat for Lionnation, and has updates from other nations(besides the queer one)

Great Date Looks 5
Power wear for your next date, and underwear for later. Contributed by Elizabeth Falkner, Angela Bocage, Joan Hilty, Jacki Randall, Roxxie, Kris Kovick, Marguerite Lutton, and Andrea Natalie

Major Fun: 8
Unrepentant Confessions of a Baton Twirler.
Angela Bocage tells us about her baton?

This fab adventure story closes Upper THIGH Magazine, SO turn your book over to start on the other side with
GIRLJOCK NUMBER FIVE

COVER PHOTO THIGHS TOP TO BOTTOM: HEATHER PEARL, ROXXIE, ANDREA NATALIE, KAREN FAVREAU, DIANE DIMASSA. PHOTO BY JODY WHEAT

GIRLJOCK'S UPPER THIGH GIRLJOCK'S UPPER THIGH GIRLJOCK'S UPPER THIGH GIRLJOCK'S UPPER THIGH GIRLJOCK'S

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hey Roxxie-
Girl Jock/weird artist looks great! It's mutated! Heres some more cartoons...Bang bang
Jennifer Camper

GIRLJOCK:

Your cartoon drawings are great!

How I found out about GIRLJOCK is that one day, while I was at the Yale Art and Architecture library(this summer), I found a copy of GIRLJOCK that someone left behind with a love message on it from one girlfriend to another. I picked it up off the copu machine and brought it to the women's center where it now hangs on the bulletin board. The Yale Women's Rugby team players hang out at the center so they'll bet a kick out of reading it. Ivy-league girl jocks!

Debbie

Dear Roxxie

I was given a copy of your stupendous GJ last summer at the gay games...I was very overwhelmed & overstimulated at the moment & can't remember the name of the woman who handed it to me...was it you??
Loved your piece in "Holy Tit Clamps". Is GJ still coming out? I only saw that 1st issue...please send more! I'll send you $ if you tell me where to! More GJ! More GJ! More GJ! More GJ!
Thank You!
Your admiring fan
Alison Bechdel

ROX-A-TRONIC
I can't remember if I sent you a HH #2(Editrix's note: Diane DiMassa draws Hothead Paisan -- the Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist comic book -- For a good time read HOTHEAD)yet but I don't think so, so here it is. I just saw the new, larger GJ. It looks good! GJ is truly fun to read, and it sounds like you women have a good time doing it. There seems to be a heavy west coast clique of lesbo cartoonists. Me & Andrea are gonna have to beef up the east coast representation (oh yeah, Bechdel is in Vermont now, too) Although I will probably move to SF in a year or two. I've had enough of the "grow-a-thick-skin-and-live-among-neanderthals" existence.

My involvement in sports has been slim, since I was a teenage drug-addict (I was a teenager until I was 27) but my spectatorship has been vast, so I'll do more 'toons about being fucke up on the sidelines. I was a softball groupie for years! I was actually on a team once, I mostly played bench, then I go kicked out of the bar I played fo, for life. Oh well.
Dyke Blood & Sweat,
Diane AKA Hothead

Dear Roxxie,

I don't really understand why you don't spend more time with me, the other black cat, and all your plants at home. Why is it that human beings always take precedence over us felines? You keep asking other people why I, your everloving cat, always stand on top of all your letters, and drawings.
Well why don't you ask Me? I get the feeling you now like Computers more than us, your pets. Well, we're getting a little jealous. And why don't you start getting a little more sleep at night? Don't you get tired of always creating page layouts, stories, and cartoons? Why don't you just stay home and curl up with us in the sun, we can all have some gourmet catfood, chase the mice, and be friends for ever and ever.

love and let's fight the fleas together,

Sheba the cat

Dear Sheba,

O.K. Sounds really good to me. Love, andchovies, and tuna for ever and ever,

Roxxie

PUBLICATIONS TO WATCH OUT FOR

by Angela Bocage

GIRLJOCK's contributors aren't monozinous. Kris Kovick's illustrations grace On Our Backs, On Our Rag, OutLook, The Advocate, and other publications, her fiction will appear in Frighten the Horses, and her collection, What I love about Lesbian politics is arguing with people I agree with, is due out this fall...L.S Welch's sharp stuff appears in Atlanta's ace queer biweekly newspaper Southern Voice...Joan Hilty's in Real Girl #2 (and beyond) and makes her Gay Comix debut in #13 and her Wimmin's Comix debut in #17...Roxxie also makes a splash in Real Girl #2, Holy Titclamps #9, and, with Heather Cromie, will appear in Dennis Cooper's upcoming Discontents anthology...Diane DiMassa has a solo comic, Hothead Paisan (see below)...Angela Bocage's strip (Nice Girls Don't Talk About...) Sex, Religion, and Politics appears in Frighten the Horses, the East Bay Guardian, SF's Bay Area Reporter, and irregularly in other gay papers and her multisexual comix anthology Real Girl appears irregularly too; her comix are also in Wimmin's and Gay Comix, Weird Smut, Rip Off Anthology, and Taboo...Andrea Natalie's solo book titled STONEWALL RIOTS, has been out for a q while and we're hoping for STONEWALL RIOTS #2, Andrea's in REAL GIRL #2 and has been in BIMBOX, plus a zillion other things...Jennifer Camper has contributed to both Wimmin's and Gay Comix, makes her Real Girl debut with #3, and is starting to self-syndicate so could be anywhere!

and until next time when Bocage reviews the zines...
For a good time, read:

Hothead Paisan (by Diane DiMassa)...Shocking Pink...Dear World...Hot Lip(New Chicago Dykezine)...CONTEXAS...ON OUR RAG...RAG...ANYTHING with SUNAH CHERWIN's name on it...DOROTHY ALLISON...JULIE DOUCET'S DIRTY PLOTTE...MY COMRADE/SISTER....Stonewall Riots (by Andrea Natalie)...Brains/IQ...Taste of Latex (edited by Not Nice Girls Gangmember Lily Braindrop)...Diseased Pariah News...XS...Frighten the Horses...Holy Titclamps (edited by Larry-Bob, who Roxxie and Angela liked running around with in SF this past August!)...Whorezine...BIMBOX...Brat Attack...and look for DAGGER, the sexzine celebrating Butch women, out early '92 from Taste of GIRLJOCK Productions! And watch for more upcoming NOT NICE GIRLS readings!

Snug Around my Upper Thigh
by Heather Pearl Cromie

I like how tight jean-short cut-0ffs snug around my upper thighs. Keeping the two worlds of raw flesh from each other, defining the corner from the upper thigh to cunt, slurping the outer wave from thigh to hip. Slip slide the legs sing past each other, the tightness inspiring them to sing faster-RUN. Ahh...running in tight jean cut-offs...
Rubbing my hands on the broken fabric, the fabric of my youth holding me still, I still stroking, cruising stubby nails along the jean thread. Sitting. Wush, the hands travel between wraped legs and sits flat below one flushious thigh, wrist

Jt

#25

I fancy myself a fag-dyke, a new breed, and I travel with my fuck-lover, Wanda - the larger and stronger of us. I took Wanda on because I liked her, because her childhood was crueler than mine and her angst and righteous queer anger were overwhelming. I respected that. I therefore allowed her to dominate me as no one else has been able do. Wanda has a peculiar trick: she likes to back me up against her huge stomach and pendulous breasts. She lashes me to her shoulders and thighs with leather thongs so that I dangle a mere half-inch above the ground. Then she walks around with me like a spare tire on a Volkswagen, making me do the housework while she finger–fucks me.

She likes to back me up against her huge stomach and pendulous breasts. She lashes me to her shoulders and thighs with leather thongs so that I dangle a mere half-inch above the ground...

I met Wanda at a QUEER MATRON meeting. QUEER MATRON is the focus group of QUEER NATION that caters to maternal, authoritarian women, lady prison guards and their admirers. I hesitantly decided to attend their gathering one night because I was becoming frustrated with the eternal passivity of my husband, Martin. Martin–that will–z'o–the–wisp quantum faggot peace-worker, my slave. What's this you say, a husband? But I thought you were a lesbian, Monique. Remember, dear reader, this is a transgressive story; I am beyond the old order–free! Uninhibitedly sexual! A diesel-stomping bi-sexual fag-dyke! And as such, I love to torture little Martin - make him wear a French maid's dress, thread a chain through his cock jewelry to his nipple rings while he is bound and tie the chain to a fold-out ironing board. With him helpless, ungraciously I eat Ben and Jerry's Rainforest Crunch ice cream in front of him. A whole quart.

I have thought of many novel ways to torture Martin. I bind him spreadeagled and stomach-down on the bed, his pink, adolescent-smooth ass cheeks glowing in the falling light. I find the Tupperware box full of cockroaches I have captured the night before and send them skittering madly across his bare back. While he screams like the high school cheerleader sex poodle he is, I don one of my many lifelike Stryker dildoes and prod open his screwtight asshole. I ram him again and again as sweat and hair fly everywhere. He is my little Fanny Farmer girlboyman.

My latest creation has been a sonic torture instrument. Over eight delightful months, I saved every Campbell's soup can I opened. With painstaking devotion, I washed each roll and crevice of every can and strung them closely on a length of fishline. Smacking one tin savagely with a cane sends the entire partyline clattering and banging with such horrendous din that it gives Martin a giant erection and sends him to his knees promising never again to be such an assimilationist, yuppie-scum sellout moderate bourgeoisie GAYboy (snort) again.

Yet in spite of my devoted husband and all his revolutionary prettiness, I needed a bitch like Wanda to help me vanquish all the unconquered territory of my psychopolitical life. Indeed, I lay stock still while Wanda pierced my nipples on the running dishwasher. Wanda was present at my first QUEER NATION hazing and jacket decorating ceremony. She was the first to paddle me at the Klitz Sex Club and led me like a show pony to each and every hot queer danceclub in town. Wanda is rooted and silent, full of piss and vinegar when angry; and likes the simple, passionate, easy-to-digest things like "We're here, we're queer, our shopping bags are paper." I needed such a woman to break me: me, ME, a transgressive, revolutionary, postmodern, fag bi-dyke with a drawerful of zebra-striped underwear and a tickertape heart.

The first time Wanda, Martin and I all fucked was the most thrilling experience of my life. We had all been to an explosive demo that summer night. We were exhilarated, lithe, sweaty and in our bodies, intelligent, answering to no

straight white pig! When we returned to my apartment, I hauled out three beers for us. At the refrigerator door, Wanda grabbed me and began kissing me harshly. Martin was fascinated, but taken aback by Wanda and I in action, something he had never seen. Catching him in the uncouth act of eyeing us and shivering from the shock, I ordered him to strip and remain silent, and chained him to his ironing board. With Martin secure, Wanda ripped my shirt open to my waist, tore down my fly and began pinching my three erections. The jars of jam and BBQ sauce I kept nearby for these very occasions were employed: Wanda smeared my nipples with condiments* and licked them off. Then she made me kneel on the rug and fisted me from behind. Martin was uncontrollably blissful. He chomped the aluminum leg of the ironing stand to keep from writhing in pre-orgasmic agony and taking the iron and spray starch with him. As Wanda rammed her (Latex-gloved fun–action ribbed, of course) hand up my tightening pink cuntmuscle, I came, hurtling Wanda halfway across the living room. Then I realized as I huffed that Martin had passed out. The excitement had been too much for him. I glanced distastefully at his limp body, but was jerked back to attention by Wanda, who seized my punk-outlaw-type hair, wrenched my head around, and forced me into her unbound and cavernous crotch. When she was satisfied, Martin began coming to. I prepared for the final onslaught.

"Martin, you were a naughty, piggy, p.c. husband, passing out like that," I remonstrated scornfully. Martin snuffled. "Well then, bonkerhead–how do you like this?"

Martin gasped. He knew what was coming: his favorite horror - algebra!

"What's $6x^2+5xy^2+y^2$?" I demanded.

Martin inhaled sharply and gave a small cry.

"C'mon capitalist scumbag! Do the problem!"

Martin exhaled his answer in a curt whisper.

"Now this one: $X=4x^2 \bullet 2x^3$!"

"Ach!" squealed Martin, not able to hold in his excitement. His cock sprung out harder and harder as he rubbed it against the rigid aluminum pole. "$8x^5$ - ooh, ah, oh my god...!"

"Length of the hypotenuse if the legs of a right triangle are 3 and 4 respectively?"

"Um...uh...five...five...aieee!" He exploded like a balloon flubbing backwards, spitting air. Then he sighed and slumped forward, exhausted. I unchained him and ordered him off to bed with a cookie and a kiss on the pate.

Of course, Wanda and I stayed up to explore other erotic delights in front of "Hawaii Five-O." Yes, it was a blissful summer, and it just keeps getting better with True Transgressive Romance! So remember folks, fuck fiercely and fight the power!

* I recommend Scotch Thick-Cut Marmalade, and Heinz respectively.

v.u.l.v.a.s lesbian top 10
*various-underground-lesbians'-vehemently-anti -sensorship
lesbian top ten
compiled by Jack
1 More Bad Disco
Club Q You
2 Jesus Lesbian
I Dress in Black
3 G-Spots
Thunka Thunka Thunka Wham
4 Pierced Eyebrow
Thunka Thunka Wham Wham
5 K.D. Zing
Shorted Vibrator Blues
6 Queen(ie)
We are the Vanguard, My Friends
7 The Plaid Flannels
(I Was The Dyke At My)
High School Reunion
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QUEER 'ZINES: IF WE CAN GET 'EM WE'VE GOT THEM!!
Richard Labonté

LION NATION

AND NEWS FROM OTHER NATIONS!

BY JACKIE WELTMAN

Some people think Queer Nation is the only phenomenon of its kind, but what people don't know is that many other grassroots groups like this exist all over the world. In fact, most animal species constitute nations in themselves. Our roving reporter, Jackie Weltman, interviewed several of these groups: Weasel Nation, Duck Nation and Lion Nation among them. In fact, taking "grassroots" politics literally is the "Rescue Grass Nation" known, of course, by its Latin name, "Familia Graminar.". Reproduced for you lucky readers below is our interview with "Lion Nation" conducted by said reporter on June 26, 1991 in the wild Serengeti.

JW: I'm here in the shade of an Acacia tree in the wildly beautiful Serengeti with King,Llion spokescat for the Lion Nation. King, what kind of work does your group do? Please explain for our readers at home.

KING: Well, Jackie, Lion Nation is working, mostly at dawn and in the cooler hours of the evening, to make the plight of Lions visible. People of all tribes accuse us of being dangerous killers, but we're creatures, just like anyone else. We've tried roaring about injustice before & nothing was done. Now we've taken to direct action.

JW: And what kinds of actions are we talking about here?

KING: For starters, we've done a mess of civil disobedience right here in the Savannah. We have a focus group leading the anti-poaching movement here. Many of us put our massive, tawny bodies between the jeeps and the herds, just daring those hunters to run over us. Several of us have gotten nicked by uppity colonial specieist pigs, but no major injuries yet. The real problems start when they bring in the riot police to throw tear gas.

JW: All is not quiet on the Southern Front, though. What about the reports that there is a rift in your movement?

KING: Well, we've gotten some flak for possibly alienating the very people that would help protect us, you know, the sightseers and things...

JW: Um-hum...

KING: But really in the final analysis, they're part of the problem. Yes, they contribute money to the "save the lions" fund, but all the publicity just gets the poachers all worked up about selling pelts to rich Europeans and...

JW: Yes, it's ugly...

KING: Very ugly. Bottom line: if you're out here in a jeep, any jeep, you're not our friend.

JW: Well, thank you King, of Lion Nation. Next week Dandelion Nation: Noxious weed or nutritious green?

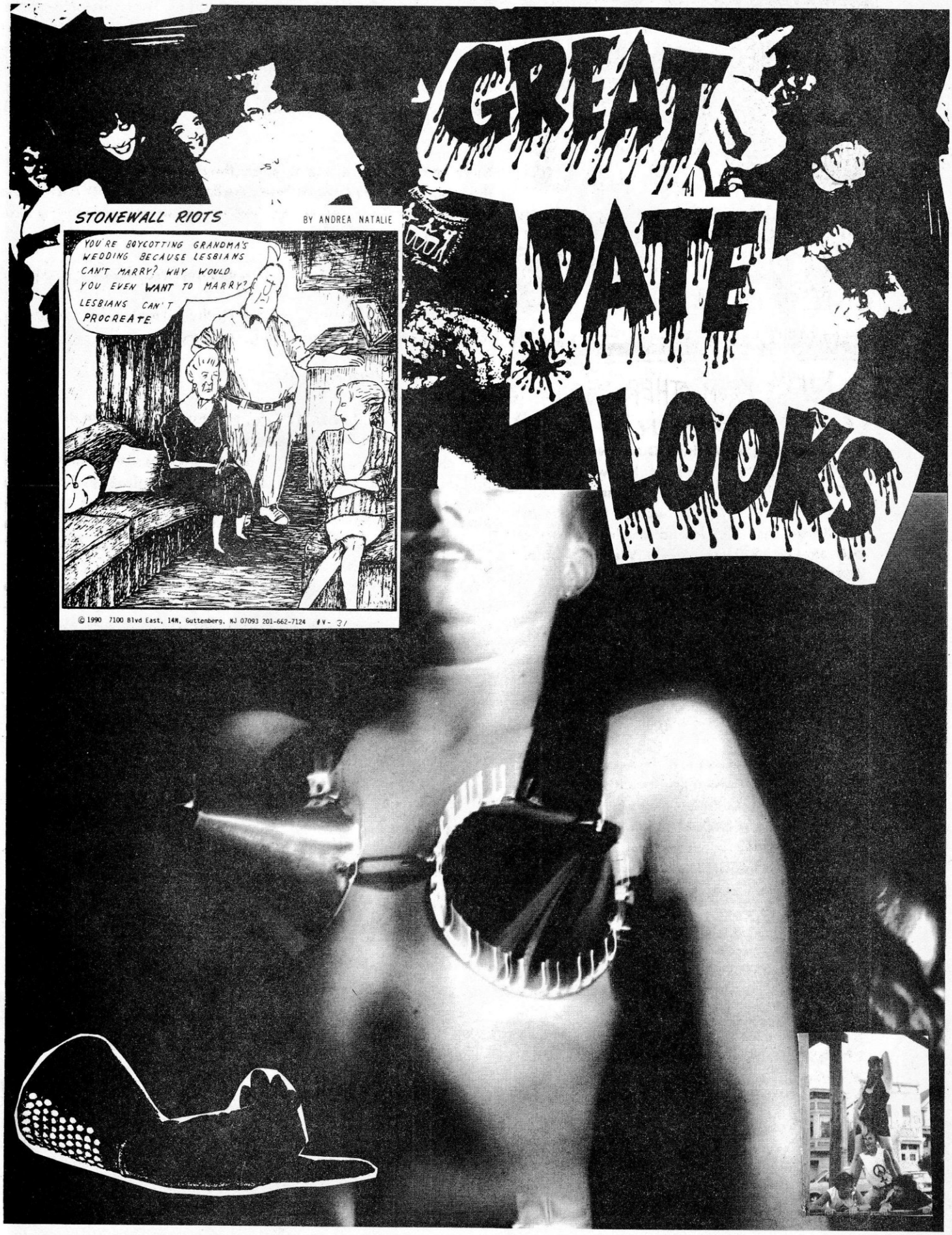
NEWS FROM OTHER NATIONS:

here's the update:

*** Fish Nation (Pacific Chapter) staged a huge-scale die-in this weekend in solidarity with their Sacramento River trout brethren.**

*** Whale Nation has been carrying out beaching actions on beaches and around the world this summer. Older draq-queen whale Humphrey, our own Bay Area Humpback, has been stranding himself in the bay on occasion to increase whale visibility. "I just love the attention and the cute little humans in their skintight diver suits," he trumpeted Tuesday.**

*** Gopher Nation, after being roundly criticized for their wholesale destruction of the Golden Gate Park Arboretum Lawns, are counter-attacking their critics with the charge that moles, planted by the FBI, are doing it to discredit them.**


GREAT
DATE
LOOKS
STONEWALL RIOTS
BY ANDREA NATALIE
YOU'RE BOYCOTTING GRANDMA'S WEDDING BECAUSE LESBIANS CAN'T MARRY? WHY WOULD YOU EVEN WANT TO MARRY? LESBIANS CAN'T PROCREATE
© 1990 7100 Blvd East, 14M, Guttenberg, NJ 07093 201-662-7124 #V- 31

How to dress for the team & go to club after the game (without even changing!)
color coordinated oversized sweat catcher to later act as headband
Team-Coded loose fitting vest with a little sports bra
chunky black belt
boxer shorts under sturdy lycra-denim-colored-oversized comfy shorts
Large black cleats with cool snap on buckles that you add yourself
©'91 Roxie
Lesbian Weekly Wear
GOOD DYE JOBS ARE OUT!!!
SELF COLORING MADE EASY WITH SMALL MIRRORS
·HAIR!! WHAT'S IN & OUT!!, STRATEGIES FOR FACING THE HAIRCUT POLICE
LOVE LIPS
LABIAN LESBIAN KINDER
DYKE POWER
QUEER ME
FAT BUTCH
LIPS STICK ON DYKE
STICKERS-DO YOU HAVE ENOUGH?
-INDIGO GIRLS MEET LAVENDER JANE!!
CONFESSIONS of a SIX FOOT TALL DYKE who LIKES to DRESS UP and ·MY EXPERIENCE BEING MISTAKEN for a DRAG QUEEN!!
·MAKE-UP section FOR BEGINNERS!
·Jill Holey's Guide to NOSE HOLES
·HOW I DOMESTIC-PARTNERED MY HUNK OF A DOCTOR!
BY Sylvia Fairmore
EX-RODEO QUEEN
POOL SHARK
DWIGHT YOAKAM FAN
I'M A HONKY TONK MAN...
SORRY 'BOUT THAT LIVING ROOM WINDOW, BABE!
A TAD ERRATIC
BAD HABITS
ACCESSORIES
Hilly '91
SMASH THE STATE! ...on the Perfect Date!!
LONGISH VERY DARK HAIR of AMORPHOUS SHAPE HELPS NIGHTTIME INVISIBILITY!
LIGHT, INCONSPICUOUS, STURDY CLOTHING in NEUTRAL COLORS, TOPPED BY CLASSIC B.L.J. FOR PROTEXION & NITE STEALTH (see at right)
THE LEGAL OFFICE'S PHONE # IN CASE OF ARREST
STURDY CANVAS BAG in DARK COLOR FILLED with TOOLS & OTHER ART SUPPLIES
WET BANDANAS in PLASTIC BAGS in CASE OF GAS!
STATE of the ART RUNNING SHOES!
WELL-TRAINED RUNNING LEGS)
THE BLACK LEATHER JACKET; it's NOT ONLY A GREAT DAY-TO-EVENING LOOK; PROTECTIVE; & CAMOUFLAGING, TOO!
GOOD SIZED BANNER with BOLD, EXPRESSIVE MSG., FITS NEATLY in SMALL ROCKET-PACK OF RIP-STOP NYLON!
NOTEPADS & PENS FOR OBSERVATIONS, LIKE BADGE #'s, WHAT TIME DISPERSAL ORDERS WERE GIVEN, LICENSE PLATES, ETC.!
WHISTLES DO MORE THAN CALL UP REINFORCEMENTS. THEY MAKE ATTRACTIVE JEWELERY & NOISE.
·I'M A RADICAL BECAUSE OF THE SYMBOLIC TRADITION - I AM A WOMAN JACKET TO IN WORKER cited in Lillian S. Robinson's SEX, CLASS & CULTURE.
©1991 BOCAGE

I THINK WE CAN DO SOMETHING WITH YOUR HAIR, KRIS.
I THINK WE CAN DO SOMETHING WITH YOUR HAIR, KRIS.
AFTERALL, WE ARE GAY.
AND THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO.
PAISAN
J. RANDALL'S
THE FLOOR
THE UNBARK
WEAR A HANKY, IF ITS
Do YOUR THANG
BUT IT'S GOT TO BE CLEAN!
CARRY A POUCH, A PURSE, A BACKPACK OR A BILLFOLD OR WALLET...
OH, YES, OR A WRIST-CUFF..
NONE OF THIS PLEASE!
TOFU SCOTCH BABY
GEEK BAG
LUNCHBOX!
And Don't make any "Statements" with your HEAD...
USE IT. to think with!
E=MC²
NICE PUFF OF HAIR, GAY!
CREDIT CARD
QUEER FASHION: ONCE THE HETS GOT HOLD OF IT... THEY JUST ABOUT DID IT IN, HONEY!
SURE, IT BEGAN INNOCENTLY ENOUGH WITH VOGUING AND LI'L MALE PONYTAILS... BUT THEN IT GOT WORSE.
BUS STOP
PA-THET-IC.
PLAYBOY
FAERIE POWER
BY THE LATE '90S YOU COULDN'T TELL WHO WAS WHO... "GAYDAR" BECAME USELESS.
FAG.
WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT, HOMO?
I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST.
VOTE BUSH
QUEER NATION
IT SWEPT THE NATION!
EVEN NOSTALGIA WAS IN...
MY COPY!
MINE!
BEER
USMC
BEEBO BRINKER
OH HAROLD, BUTCH IT UP, WILL YOU?
WEARING CHAPS UNDER JEANS
MEANWHILE, QUEERS GOT STRAIGHTER. IT WAS NOT A PRETTY SIGHT.
VEAL STROGANOFF? BUT WE HAD THAT LAST NIGHT!
NO, LAST NIGHT WE HAD MEATBALL SALAD.
QUIT THE RAPE CRISIS CENTER TO SELL MARY KAY
STRAIGHTNESS SWEPT THE WORLD OF QUEER COUTURE... LITERATURE... EVEN LEISURE TIME...
THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT START ALL OVER AGAIN.
BUT I WANNA PLAY SLOW-PITCH!
NOT NOW, DEAR. CO-MOMMY IS PLAYING CANASTA.
BAD HAIRCUT
THERE'S NOTHIN TO DO.
HOW ABOUT SOME NICE DINNER THEATER?
OPEN UP! THIS THE POLICE!!
POUND POUND
STONEWALL Family Restaurant
Ice Cream Social!!
EVENTS
Let's Play Shuffleboard!
Hilty ©1991

Valerie Schieber
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MAJOR FUN!

UNREPENTANT CONFESSIONS OF A BATON TWIRLER by Angela Bazzo ©1991

DALLAS. 8th GRADE. A GIRL WITH GLASSES & SHIRTTAILS OUT, I DAYDREAMED ABOUT WHICH GIRLS WOULD I BE BEST FRIENDS WITH, AND WORRIED ABOUT SILENT SPRING, AND WHY SUCH GOOD ARTISTS ENDED UP DRAWING FASHION ADS FOR NEIMAN'S OR TITCHE'S. REBELLION WAS SQUASHED BY PEER GROUP COOPTATION: 8th GRADE WAS THE GRADE WHERE YOU HAD TO GET IN LINE FOR THE GOODIES. LIKE THE FUTURE DEPENDED ON IT, AT LEAST THE NEXT FOUR YEARS. THEY MADE IT THE TRYOUTS YEAR...
ANGELA! GET IN HERE!!
WUMP!

...FOR CHEERLEADERS, DRILL TEAM, PEP CLUB OFFICERS, MARCHING BAND, HONORS SOCIETIES, & WHO KNEW WHAT ELSE? NOT ME. BUT I HAD TWO BEST FRIENDS NAMED SHARON, & THE ONE WHO PLAYED CLARINET IN BAND WITH ME SAID I OUGHT TO TRAIN WITH HER FOR SPRING'S MAJORETTE TRYOUTS.
O.K.
OW!
WE PRACTICED, MADE UP TRYOUT ROUTINES (MINE WAS TO "AGE OF AQUARIUS") AND WERE PROUD TO BE TRYING OUT FOR THE MOST SKILLED (YOU EVEN HAD TO BE A GOOD ENOUGH MUSICIAN TO MAKE MARCHING BAND!) AND PERHAPS MOST ATHLETIC—

(THOUGH THE CHEERLEADERS DID JUMP MORE)—FEMALE ROLE IN THE SANCTIONED LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN JUNIOR HIGH. FROM BEGINNER IN OCTOBER, I TURNED OUT TO BE QUITE GOOD AT TWIRLING BY TRYOUT TIME. IT WAS EXHILARATING! SOMETIMES EVEN DANGEROUS!
AND I COULD SHOW OFF MY NATURAL FLEXIBILITY IN A MORE APPROPRIATE VENUE THAN MY BORING MATH CLASS...

panel 7 dedicated to Larry-Bob of Holy Tit-Clamps

YAWN: DO A SPLITS, ANGELA.
yep-SHE KIN DO IT IN A SECOND!
YET ANOTHER THANG GIRLS KIN DO BETTER, huh, JEFFREY?
WELL, YA DON'T EXPECT US-TO, DO YA?

...AND WEAR BOOTS, ONCE I MADE IT, WITH A STUNNING RANGE OF PSYCHOSEXUAL MEANING.

AND WHAT WAS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE...COOLNESS HIERARCHY AMONG DIFFERENT TYPES OF BATON? THE BEST WAS SILVER, ABSTRACT 'FOILING' ON MINI-SHAFT, NEXT A PLAIN MINI-SHAFT. BUT WORSE THAN A PLAIN STANDARD SHAFT WAS ONE WITH DIMPLY FOILING...
DOES SOMEBODY, SOMEWHERE THINK GIRLS WOULD SMASH THE CAPITALIST PATRIARCHY IF WE DIDN'T HAVE STUFF LIKE THIS TO THINK ABOUT??

THE MAGIC OF CARTOON TELEKINESIS

I STILL WONDER ABOUT SOME THINGS. BUT A LOT OF STUFF, I'VE FIGURED OUT. FOR EXAMPLE, FUCKING A BATON. IT'S DIFFICULT, BUT WORTHWHILE. AND IT'S PLEASANT TO IMAGINE IT LYING GLEAMING IN THE COOL, WET GRASS EARLY THAT VERY MORNING.

TO SEE a FULL copy of This FRAME, send $5.00 to: LIBERATE THE FRAME c/o GIRLJOCK 2060 3rd St. Berkeley CA 94710 sign a statement That you are over 18!!

P.S. or wait for ANGELA's SOLO COMIC BOOK!! SOON

SOME OF THE BEST MEMORIES ARE EARLY MORNINGS. NOT PERFORMANCES: FROZEN SMILE AND FOLLOW-THE-BATON-WITH-YOUR-EYES. BUT AT PRACTICE, PRE-DAWN, GETTING SWEATY, SORE, AND BETTER AT OUR ROUTINES. ALSO, SEEING THE 70-PLUS GORGEOUS DRILL TEAM GIRLS IN THEIR WORKOUT GRUBBIES & HAIR ROLLERS, UNMADE-UP. NOT UNLIKE "MAJORETTE BOOT CAMP" AT SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY. (A SUMMER MECCA; GIRLS NATIONWIDE CAME TO S.M.U.; WHOSE OWN BAND WAS ALL-BOY BECAUSE "THEIR MARCHING ROUTINES WERE TOO STRENUOUS."

THE MAJORETTES DID GREAT!

Yeah! MY FACE REALLY HURTS!

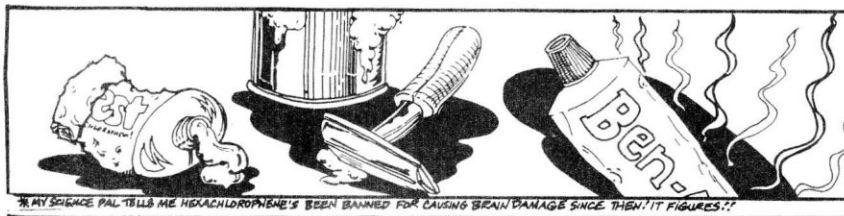
DRILL TEAM LIEUTENANTS ABOUT TO TAKE THE STAGE!

BOTH WERE HAVENS OF SWEAT AND ACHIEVEMENT AND NOT-BEING-IN-DRAG-FOR-THE-BOYS. AND IT WAS AT THE S.M.U BOOKSTORE I GOT HOLD OF MY FIRST FEMINIST TEXT, A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS FROM "APHRA." (STEPFATHER TOOK IT WHEN HE FOUND IT, BUT BY THEN I'D READ EVERY WORD.)

WANNA GO WATCH THE S.M.U. BAND DURING BREAK? THEY'RE PRACTICING A MARCH ROUTINE!

Oh, NO, THAT'S O.K., YOU GO ON...

SO WHY IS KEEPING GIRLS OUT SUPPOSED TO MAKE THEIR BAND SO GREAT??



OTHER WEIRD BUT INDELIBLE MEMORIES INVOLVE TEXAS TEENAGE FOLKLORE (c. 1970s) OF FITNESS—NEVER USE BEN-GAY **BEFORE** A PRACTICE OR YOU'LL GET HURT—AND BEAUTY—ALWAYS PUT TOOTHPASTE ON PIMPLES. BUT MAKE SURE IT'S A BRAND WITH HEXACHLOROPHENE, IT'LL PEEL THE SKIN RIGHT OFF & WON'T STINK LIKE CLEARASIL* OTHER THAN THESE FEW PLEASURES & PEARLS OF WISDOM, THOUGH...

*MY SCIENCE PAL TELLS ME HEXACHLOROPHENE'S BEEN BANNED FOR CAUSING BRAIN DAMAGE SINCE THEN! IT FIGURES?!

...THE FACT IS, BATON TWIRLING IS ONE OF THOSE SKILLS, LIKE, oh, SAY... ARMPIT FARTS, THAT IT'S KIND OF HARD TO FIND A PLACE FOR IN "ADULT" LIFE. I KNEW THAT AT THE TIME, ACTUALLY, & RESOLVED TO ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE WHILE I COULD! IN FACT, THOSE TWO BRIEF YEARS OF JUNIOR HIGH IN DALLAS WERE IN RETROSPECT THE LAST YEARS OF INNOCENCE AND HAPPINESS (MISERABLE AS CERTAIN TEACHERS 'n' "DAD" TRIED TO MAKE 'EM), WHEN READING & IMAGINING & MAKING MUSIC & WRITING STORIES & HAVING INTENSE GIRLFRIENDSHIPS WERE ENTIRELY ABSORBING... BEFORE THE PUTRID ERA OF INTELLECTUAL & PERSONAL SELF-MUTILATION KNOWN AS blurgh! BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIANITY...

Yah, ANGELA! ANGIE-BABY! WHYNCHA WEAR A FOOTBALL HELMET ON YER HEAD SO WHEN YA DROP YER BATON ON IT YER BRAIN WON'T GET ANY MORE DAMAGED'N IT AWREDDY IS?!? Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!

DROP DEAD YOU CREEPS, I'M NOT EVEN LISSENIN'!

Well, AT LEAST BEIN' A FUNDIE VESTAL FACILITATED EVASION OF TEENAGE BOYS!

IT'S BEEN FUN THINKING ABOUT WHEN I WAS A HEALTHY YOUNG ANIMAL. I THINK THE HEALTHY YOUNG ANIMAL WOULD'VE BEEN GLAD TO HEAR **SHE** WASN'T GOING TO END UP AS A SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE...

end